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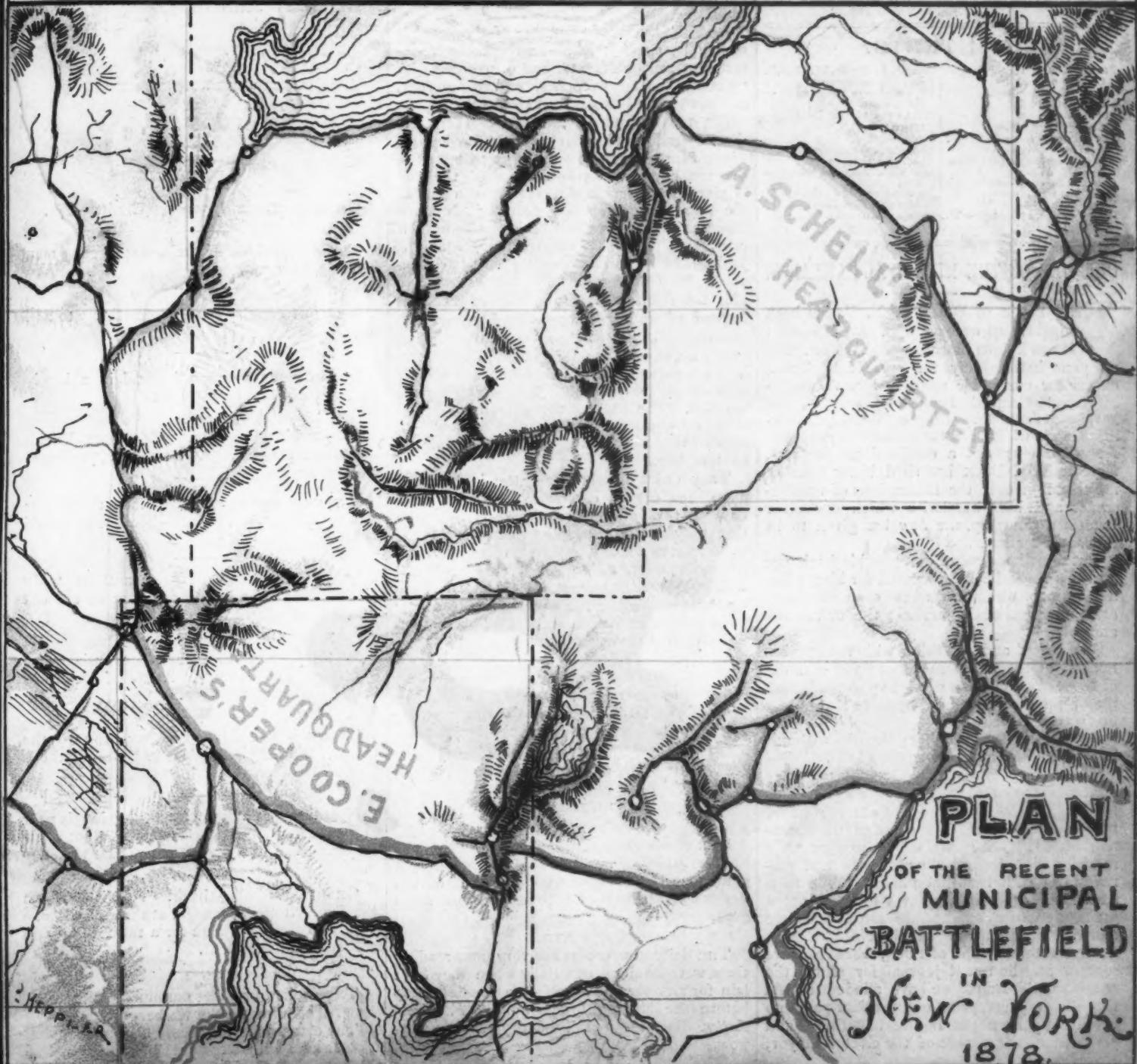
"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

SUCK

PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
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OFFICE NO 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



WHERE IS YOUR MAYOR?

"PUCK".

No. 13 North William Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One Copy one year, or 52 numbers.....	\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....	2.50
One Copy for thirteen weeks.....	1.25

POSTAGE FREE.

ILLUSTRATED BY..... JOS. KEPPLER.
 BUSINESS MANAGER..... A. SCHWARZMANN.
 EDITOR..... H. C. BUNNER.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch", "Fun" and "Judy", will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp impressed thereon.

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OUR MAP OF THE MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN.

THE Battle of Waterloo, N. Y., has been fought, and we have won. As, of course, it was known that we would. Now, fling up your hats! Bully for our side! Three cheers for our noble selves! *Vive le what's-his-name!* Hurrah! Faugh-a-ballagh! PUCK has been for a long time envious of the war-maps with which our Esteemed Contemp. the *Herald* has puzzled a confused public; and, more latterly, PUCK has shed bitter tears of mortification over the illustrations of murder-scenes and bank-burglaries which our other Esteemed Contemp. the *Sun* has given to its distracted readers.

But sometimes even PUCK gets his back up; and this week he has prepared for his readers a War-map which surpasses even the most artistic designs of the famous artists of the *Sun* and *Herald*.

We claim, and we think with reason, that not one of the artists in the composing rooms of those great journals can set up in mud, plaster or putty, a war-map equal to that on our first page this week.

But the spirit of prophecy that lies within it is greater than even its artistic merits. When the *Herald* published its pretty pictures of Herzegovina tumbling into Bosnia with Cyprus roaming around loose, did that chromo (if we may call it so) foretell the result of the Russo-Turkish war? No. When the *Sun* gives us a mezzotint of Jesse Billings's house and surroundings with beautiful photos of the foot-steps in the mud, did it convey to the troubled gazer any idea as to who shot the unfortunate and very dead female? Again, No!

Here is the triumph of PUCK, Aha! Now we soar as an illustrated journal far above the Esteemed Contemps. we have alluded to. As the lithographers print our brilliant pages no vote has yet been put in the ballot-box, and yet we show the picture of the elected Mayor;

show the influences that will surround his official career; show, in fact, the whole battlefield and show up the victors.

There they are. Take it any way you please, and suit yourselves.

THAT COMBINATION KEY.

WHERE does the People's money go? That is a funny conundrum except to those despoiled parties who in vain try to answer it. Sometimes cashiers of savings banks find it necessary for their health to buy fast horses, that they may speed along the well-paved driving avenues which stretch out in many places over the face of the country; or, ocean breezes are requisite to ward off incipient dyspepsia, so they feel compelled to purchase fleet yachts—which are expensive. Or, in frequent cases home delights have fled; the bloom on the wife's cheek has faded, the round contour of her form has vanished into the dust that gave it. So, our cashier invests in another rosier and rounder female, who is much faster than either his horse or his yacht; and more expensive, also.

And the mode of disposing of the People's money is, apart from bad and speculative investments, when naughty, bad men come with "jimmies" and wrenches, and gunpowder, and things; and smash Banks generally.

But the triumph of this age is where the shrewd business-like Bankers ask for deposits of the People's money, and forget to tell them that the key to the combination of the safe is given to a feeble old Janitor who lives in the Bank building. The People don't know this, but the shrewd and business-like burglar does. He points his unloaded pistol at the Janitor's head, and thereupon immediately receives the combination that throws open to him the doors of the safe, with its treasures. Instead of undermining vaults, blasting with explosives, drilling with cold steel, the burglars gently ask the Janitor for the key, tie his arms with a rope, stuff a gag in his mouth, and quietly walk off with their spoils. This is nice for the burglars. The idea of the amount of brain-work and physical force they used to employ in endeavoring to "crack" a Bank is painful to contemplate.

They order this matter better in America, now. But certain complaining persons there be who growl at the Bank directors and claim that they are not proper guardians of the deposits they solicit; and in one recent case, quite notorious, they think it queer, to put it mildly, that every money-box was opened, except one containing \$50,000 belonging to the boss-director of the Bank, and a leading politician of that party which supplies to the community most of our burglars.

It would be well if parties interested could know a little more about the internal arrangement of the Banks in which their money lies; and meantime, we doubt not, the burglars are preparing another quiet raid on some aged Janitor, encouraged by the recent success at Broadway and Bleecker street.

TASTE AND VULGARITY.

THE man who chose the patterns for the cars on the Metropolitan Elevated Railway was a gentleman. The man who approved of the designs for the cars of the east-side line was a gent.

THE daily newspapers are very poor reading these wet mornings, especially when they have lain for an hour and a half on a flooded stoop before the house-girl gets up.—S. F. *Newsletter*. But they can't be dry reading, anyhow.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

HEARTLESS SCIENTIST—"Miss Adelina, permit me to ask your acceptance of my Hand—"

GUSHING MAIDEN—"O, Professor—so sudden—"

HEARTLESS SCIENTIST (*proceeding*)—"My—er—Handbook of the Buddhist Psychology and Ethnology of the Hindoos."
(Collapse of G. M.)

Puckerings.

MEN of faction—Politicians.

UNSATISFACTORY Letters of Credit.—Ex.

THE first silk hat of the average young man is rarely a success.

A MUDDY country road is something to add mire.

If you come across a leopard in a lonely jungle, shoot him on the spot.

GLASGOW's bank "busted" because British institutions are getting Americanized, yer know.

A YOUNG man married is a man that's married, says Shakspere. True—because he's ma'd in law.

If you'd know what is meant by "My Grandfather's Clocks," just glance at the old man's embroidered socks.

IN theology, as in every other business, inside tracks are desirable. A loaf of bread will convert a hungry heathen.

THERE is one advantage in going to the Opera. At least you don't hear "Grandfather's Clock" between the acts.

Now that the Massachusetts election is near at hand, it appears certain that Talbot a few Republicans will support their regular ticket.

GRANT is coming back. This is hard on the *Sun*. It can't manage, at the same time, a Present-Taker candidate for a third term, and a Fraudulent President.

THE swollen brooklet murmurs louder;
All songless fit the feathery troupe;—
The clam, departed from the chowder,
Leaves but a weak potato soup.

CHAPLAIN BEECHER.

THE bass-drums yield their basest sound,
The trumpets all their brass,
As Chaplain Beecher, so renowned,
Heads Regimental Ass.

The servant-girls rush out to see
This reverend rider rare;
Who smiles on them and wishes he
Could have a gallop there.

This man of peace looks rather queer
In uniform and sword,
And spurred—like other chanticleer
That loves his Hen re Ward.

He gives his horse and fancy rein,
Nor heeds the loud commands,
As he sits holding once again
A brid(e)al in his hands.

As he dismounts from oft his nag,
Whose back cuts like a wedge,
A joke comes from this wicked wag
About the "ragged edge."

His troubles make him heave a sigh
And drop some tears of woe;
For though he is a chaplain high,
He is a chap lain low.

H. C. D.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. LXII.

HE GOES TO ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL FAIR.

Ya-as, yer know, Jack Carnegie aw asked me if I'd like to go to a religius F-f-fair or Bazaar—a place where differwnt descwip-tions of people, all of them Woeman Catholics, sell a most incongrousous assortm-ent of articles to people who don't want them.

This peculiah arwangement is held aw in a wathah large unfinished building, erweeted on a Fifth Avenue, verwy white in appearance, and which severwnt fellaws have told me is to be a Cathedwal at some aw future perwiad.

Jack and I, and aw two or thrwee Irwih-American fellaws—aw quite decent—dwove up aw one evening to the establishment. It wasn't verwy difficult to find, because, yer see, there was an electric light outside, or something of that charwactah, shining verwy bightly. The w-ays went up and down, and all bwund, and got into a felliw's eyes, but, howevah, they were'nt verwy twoublesome.

We aw passed thrwrough some things that go wound and wound and clwick, turn-over stiles, or something of that sort they are called, and got into the building which was frightfully cwwoded, and aw it was only after quite considerwble exertion, we could manage to cwush thrwthrough the othah people.

The Irwih-American aw fwiends of ours wemarked aw confidentially to me, that they observed aw severwnt ex-cooks and laundwesses that had wesided at differwnt perwiads in their families, pwomenading the F-f-fair, and buying things with gweenbacks aw just saw all the world like othah people.

Aftah wall, it's a d-dosid good feature in this aw Wepublic that these aw slaveys have the pwivilege of having a large amount of freedom in this wwestpect—does verwy well he-ah, but I couldn't put up with it at home, yer know, that would be quite too awfully beastly to wub shouldahs he-ah, there, and everwywhere with this gwade of individual.



It appears that this aw building is cwwoded with so many aw individuals for the purpose of securwing severwnt hundwed thousands of gweenbacks to make it a pwopably finished cathedwal.

Jack says it is quite a laudable object; and I'm aw inclined to agwee with Jack, for I wa-ther like Woeman Catholics—indeed aw it's quite good form to go ovah to the Womish church. Aw some membahs of my aw family have gone in for this sort of thing, and Bute, Wipon and a lot of othah aw men have aw followed their example. Besides, yer see, Manning and the Norfolk Howards and George Bowyer and aw I are verwy good fwiends.

The fellaws in charge of this fair are not half bad, by Jove. They weceived us with what the Fwench call empwessement, yer know. They pwobably appwove of the society of distinguished forweigners.

An Amerwican barwistah, a aw Mulwy—devilish good fellow, I should say—pwesewled us to the pwincipial dirwectahs. A aw—aw—a aw Mr. Tweasurwah aw Lynch carwied on a twifling conversation with us.

We twied to wander everwywhere about the Fair, but our pwogress wasn't verwy wapid, because some not bad-looking female young cweatures, with pencils and papah in their hands, kept wequesting us to take aw c-c-chances in lotterwies to win an extraordianry varwiety of articles. "Only a dollah for a t-t-ticket in this beautifull child's cwadle." Now what the deuce could I do aw with a child's cwadle, as I have nevah aw committed matwimony?

Any fellow could be in a lotterwy for almost anything. A waffle for aw a twip to Eurwope and back, a waffle faw a twip to aw, I believe, to Afwica, and aw anothah twip to Wottahdam. Wondah what a fellow would do who won all these marween pwizes. He'd pwobably have to go to all the places—an awful baw aw.

The gimcwacks and aw f-f-fancy work at the stalls—call them tables, yer know, in this coun-twty—were offered, and, I suppose, some of them are got wid of; but what aw people can find to do with the things when they get them I aw weally can't understand. Suppose they do it faw charwity and to be wigious happy.

Lots of fellaws and women are affected in this way, Jack says.

A fellow can be weighed; he can have his height twied; he can see aw Punch and aw Judy—for extwa aw payments. He can dwink lemonade fwom a Miss Webeca at a well, and aw eat ice-cweam, served aw by aw aw girls of varwious gwades of beauty; he can win a five-hundwed-dollar bond, bedroom furniture—even aw an Amerwican billiard table. Awfully widiculous this, yer know.

A gweat many elections are also carwied on he-ah. A fellow can vote for any Generwal, or policeman, or newspapah, or anybody, or anything in the countwy. Aw a cathedwal seems a queer place to carwy on voting in, but then aw Amerwica's an odd quartah of the globe, so differwnt fwom Gweat Bwitain, yer know.

Just befaw we were going a fellow asked me if I had weceived my lettah, I weplied: No! no lettah, and I went with him to the post office—they have a post office and a newspapah he-ah—and two laughing, pwetty, plump female cweatures with aw awfully jolly aw wavishing eyes handed me a lettah addwessed to me aw. I paid about aw, I think, a shilling faw it, in Amerwican money, of course. Doosid odd how the lettah got there, but it wasn't a verwy satisfactorwy communication, because I couldn't tell who wote it. Two or thrwee lines aw about love—aw-aw-fully funny—and besides there was a stwange signature with initials. Aw Jack Carnegie and I hope the Cathedwal will get all the gweenbacks it requires aw.

WHO'S TO PAY?



BRITANNIA.—"As it is for your protection, my dear, I presume you will bear the expense?"

INDIA.—"As it is your notion, and for your own sake, I am sure you will be delighted to pay it yourself!"

—Fun.

DISENCHANTMENT.

ENSHRINED within my secret soul
Are sweet remembrances of thee,
And as the tides of memory roll
They bear thine image back to me.

Thy wondrous form and perfect face
From out the varnished fact arise,
As erst thou stood'st in living grace
And charmed me with thy soulful eyes.

Ah! loveliest maid the skies beneath!
To wed with thee I once was fain,
But when I found false were thy teeth,
I could not bear thy sight again.

W. M. L.

SOME SOCIAL FIENDS.

VI.

THE ADVERTISING FIEND.



THIS title is evidently a misnomer, but it is applied to this class of Fiends by a dear friend of ours who does *not* wear a blue-ribbon. The Advertising Fiend should rather be called the Fiend who solicits advertisements, and, to put it mildly, he is a terror!

Let us parenthesize just here, that this is no fling at the noble army of martyrs who roam about seeking whom they may induce to fill the columns of the daily and weekly press with notices of "Mrs. Swindling's Losing Syrup," and "45 pounds of Tea for 10 cents." Reference is here made merely to those terrible Fiends who, as self-constituted agents of the Hokokus *Bugle*, and the Possotowomie *Scab*, attack the business-houses of our cities with long drawn out appeals for half-column advertisements for those—as the Fiends claim—widely circulated journals.

"There is an amount of local trade that you can secure, sir, by advertising in the *Bugle*, that will be worth 500 per cent. on the reasonable rates we charge. And we will give you two columns of Editorial notice." The merchant hesitates—and is lost! For at that moment arrives another Advertising Fiend, also a self-appointed agent of the *Scab* and the *Bugle*, who offers lower rates, more columns of editorial notices, and asserts that he and he alone is authorized to solicit advertisements and collect for those influential journals.

This is, so to speak, cruel to the merchant; but he has no idea of what suffering is, till a third self-appointed agent of these powerful weeklies comes in and protests that he is the



TAMMANY'S NATURALIZATION MACHINE. (From our own little Edison.)

father-in law of the *Bugle*, and the second-cousin of the *Scab*; thus clearly demonstrating his claim as the only *really* authorized agent to solicit ads. for those widely circulated organs of public opinion.

Now this is getting hot for Mr. Merchant. And it grows more torrid when all the Fiends place their hands in each other's hair; and throw their eyes and noses against each other's fists; and lie down violently on each other on the floor, to the destruction of chairs, tables, and furniture generally.

As Mr. Merchant considers that he has had enough of these fellows, he declines to make a charge against them when the policeman arrives. So they depart in peace—and somewhat in pieces; while the merchant sends for new furniture, and the porter scrapes up the remnants of eyes, noses and ears, and regales the office-cat thereon.

But the Advertising Fiend does not end here. O no! *Monstrum horrendum . . . cui lumen is sometimes ademptum* (when he gets into a row), he turns up again the next morning. He?—they! All of them, and more—but we forbear to depict the woes of the merchant. Let it be remembered that *PUCK* is a funny paper, and its subjects of contemporaneous human interest should be selected from the bright side of nature.

It is not alone in the houses of business, however, that the Advertising Fiend works his evil deeds. In another place he is yet more fiendish. It is well known that any inhabitant of the United States can edit and publish a newspaper. Generally they go in for their little ideas, with noble hopes to succeed—and don't! They have type, talent, and they hire a press—but the Advertising Fiend, and he alone—kills them. When the editor is writing that noble article on "Cows' Milk as a Fertilizer of Mules," then it rushes one Adv. Fiend and drags him off to a Merchant to assure the latter that this Fiend is the *only* authorized, &c., &c.;—while another A. F. snatches him in another direction to see another Merchant on the same errand, until, dear provincial readers, it is not uncommon to see the streets of New York literally littered with the débris of ambitious young newspaper publishers, ruthlessly torn asunder by rival Advertising Fiends.

But this subject can be pursued no further. There is a sadness about it that bids the pen pause in its career. But one thing I wish to say, one remark I have to make—if the Advertising Fiend ever assaults you, shoot him on the spot. Any spot will do.

E. S. L.

MORAL MASSACHUSETTS.

AT the hour of our going to press things political are so curled up and twisted and mixed in Massachusetts that it confuses the prophetic mind to inquire as to where the laurels of victory will hang out after the coming Fifth of November.

Whichever way the contest may end, it is no funeral of ours. By the time these lines reach the eye of the reader, the fight will have been fought. But the delicious uncovering of the muddy places in Massachusetts, the pretty and picturesque skeletons held out to public gaze by the redoubtable Butler, afford most delectable reading in the descriptions we have thereof.

The tale of the Commission appointed by the government of that glorious State, of a dozen—less or more—to sell 150 acres of land is matter for a high-toned society novel. One hundred and fifty acres of sand and marsh sell for \$7,000, and the Commissioners receive \$17,000 for their arduous labors. It does not appear to us that any ordinary business transactions could be transacted on this principle and succeed. To put it more plainly to the Commoners of this glorious Commonwealth, if they sold a yard of calico for 7 cents, and pay the clerk 17 cents for selling it, no forty-horse-power microscope could discover where the profit came in. Which is the reason that while the valuation of property in Massachusetts is steadily going down, *down, down!* the rate of taxation is just as steadily going up, *up, up!* All of which is very funny to outsiders who are told that Massachusetts offers a model government for the world to admire and imitate. The fact of Gov. Rice discharging ex-Governor Gaston's relative for "patriotic purposes" and appointing his own nephew for the purpose of getting him very many hundreds of dollars, adds another to the delightful scandals connected with our late (two) cent-ennial glorification.

The fact is that Butler has used his rake most effectively, and has shown up the self-righteous old Commonwealth of Massachusetts in a way that must prevent her blowing her own horn in the ears of other States hereafter.

But, if Butler be elected, we call on you, Men of Massachusetts, to hold him to his promises! He claims to have a single eye to the public welfare. He may be elected; but before you inaugurate him, let him state, on oath—which eye!

E. S. L.

TO A CHUM IN LOVE.

DEAR JACK: Your letter came last Saturday;
I'm sure I thank you very much indeed;
But am I blind, or do you really say
You call quite often on the fair Miss Tweed?

So you are caught at last in "melting mood,"
And all your celibate schemes, so serious seeming,
Surrender, as I always thought they would,
Unto a maiden's matrimonial scheming.

I thought you always frowned at pretty faces,
And sneered at women whom we called so "nice,"
I thought *you* thought them all a bunch of laces,
Unworthy of the slightest sacrifice.

And this is but the first week, and you're sighing—
(Oh, don't tell me—a lover always sighs.)
At this same rate, by next week you'll be dying
For just one glance from what's her name's bright eyes.

Ha! ha! This laugh of mine is *so* unruly;
Pardon me, Jack, I *don't* mean to be rude;
Indeed, I wish I were a woman, truly,
Being by such a clever fellow wooed.

But Jack, old boy, be careful how you treat her;
Remember Tom, who loved his wife "so bad,"
That just before the wedding he could eat her,
And six weeks after only wished he had.

KARL KASE.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE ILLUSTRATED.

There was a Young Man of Hoboken,
Who went to the theatre now and then.
He was powerful, young, but of intellect spare:
We don't give his portrait, 'cause he had red hair

And it might hurt the paper.



This is the Maiden fair as day,
Who sung in a serio-comic way,
And got the Young Man much gone on her,
In the variety theatre,
Generally called the Hoboken Temple of Thespis.



This is the Gaslight that lit the gloom
Of the Young Man's boarding-house hall-bedroom.
And he used to burn that same Gaslight
Until exceedingly late at night,
Which caused his landlady to make
remarks about her gas-bills.



This is the gaslight, the way it was,
After the Young Man put out the gas,
And went to bed, to dream all night
Of the beautiful Maiden with eyes so bright.
It was a bad case of mash.



This is the terrible oath he swore
To love the Maiden forevermore.
For where in all the world could there be
A Maiden so awfully jolly as she?
You see, he was new to the business.



This is Dust of Hoboken, "shook"
From the Maiden's feet, when herself she took
Off, one day, to parts unknown,
With the artist who slung the euphonious bone,
And derived his name from his instruments.



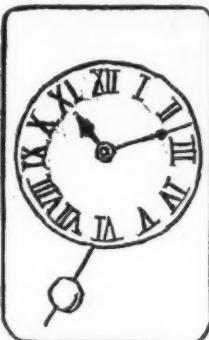
This is a view of the Maiden gay,
Taken after she'd gone away;
Showing also the way the world began
To appear in the eyes of that sad Young Man,
Who felt bad about it.



This is the heart of the love-lorn youth,
Who had not yet cut his wisdom tooth.
But no sort of picture would ever show
The quality of that young man's woe—
Not conveniently.



This is the terrible oath he swore
To love no Maiden—no, never more.
Which proceeding was, in many respects,
A terrible blow to deal the sex.
But perhaps the sex can stand it.



This is the early and proper hour
At which that Young Man now seeks his bower.
He rails at life, and smiles but by stealth,
But it is better—much—for the Young Man's health.

[The article shown above is the original G.-father's clock. Take no other.]

"CARMEN" is very Bizet, and so is Mapleton with "Carmen."

If the publishers of the *Evening Telegram* will teach their newsboys to sing out "Telegram, five o'clock," and not to cry "Gram' f' clock," people will not rush away from the youngsters in terror. This advice is gratuitously given to PUCK's candidate for mayor.

If the east side elevated road charged five cents at all times, and had straps to hold on by, it would not require a great effort of the imagination to think one was jogging along a surface road in a crowded and filthy Third Avenue horse-car—only that the latter slips over the rails without shaking one's vitals to the consistency of a jelly.

JERUSALEM AND JORDAN CROSSING R. R. (Through Line).

TIME-TABLE FOR 1878.

MOSES JOSEPHS,
COR. EGYPT AND POTIPHAR STREETS,
DRESS AND READY-MADE SHIRTS.
"Don't Tear." (trade-mark.)
6 FINE WAMSUTTA SHIRTS FOR 5 TALENTS.

MOSES ISAACS,
411 STRAIT ST.
Highest Prices Paid for Ladies' and Gents' Cast-off Clothing.
Mrs. Isaacs will attend on Ladies.

Jerusalem Varieties.			GOING UP.			STATIONS.			GOING DOWN.			FOR ADVERTISING-SPACE		
A. ABRAHAM	Lessee.	REFINED ENTERTAINMENT.	Exp.	Acc.	Milk.	ARRIVE		[LEAVE]	Fr.t.	Exp.	Acc.	ON THIS	TIME-TABLE	APPLY TO
		GALAXY OF TALENT.	4:05	3:25	1:03		JERUSALEM		6:37	11:02	5:40			
				3:22	1:01		Galilee Junction		6:39		5:41			
				2:56	12:32		Bethesda Springs		7:10	11:28	6:10			
							Sodom*				6:50			
		DAVID KING, the celebrated Harpist.					Gomorrah		8:13		7:10			
		MIKE MESHACH, Syria's Favorite Moke.					SILOAM		8:28	1:21	7:23			
		JACOB ABEDNEGO, the Fire-King.					Siloam Centre		8:30					
		AARON THE PRESTITIGITATEUR.					South Siloam†		8:31		7:24			
		MAMIE MIRIAM, the Serio-Comic Warbler.					Siloam & Roads††		8:33		7:25			
		<i>And a host of other Stars.</i>					East Siloam				7:26			
		Admission	1:07	12:00	9:31		SILOAMVILLE		8:35	1:25	7:27			
							Hebron		9:03		7:52			
							Kafoozleum ¶		9:40		8:23			
							JORDAN CROSSING		10:17	3:01	8:53			
									A.M.	P.M.				"He who by his biz would rise Must either bust or advertise." —Habbakuk.

* Stops on Signal only.

** Passengers for Kafoozleum take the 9:31 Milk train.

† Does not stop on Sunday.

†† Connects with stage line for Jericho and Dead Sea Excursion boats.

|| Ten minutes for refreshments.

¶ Horse-cars to magnificent steamer "Ark," Capt. Noah, for all landings.

It is scarcely necessary at this date to point out the many advantages of

BETHESDA SPRINGS

as a fashionable watering-place.

Within easy R. R. ride of Jerusalem City, and blessed with its famous mineral springs, a certain cure for Consumption, Gout, Rheumatism, Colic, and Convulsions, it is daily growing in public favor.

For terms, by day or week, address

J. MOSES, Grand Union Hotel.

JORDAN R. R.

A FULL AND DETAILED HISTORY
OF THE
JERUSALEM AND JORDAN CROSSING R. R.

WHY IT FAILED

AND IS NOW IN THE HANDS
OF A RECEIVER.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE
JERICHO SUN.

THE many readers of the *Sun* will doubtless feel an interest in the history of this novel Judæan enterprise, which is, at present, we are sorry to say, in anything but a flourishing condition.

The Jerusalem and Jordan Crossing Railroad Company was incorporated in 1870 by several public-spirited citizens of the metropolis. The prime mover in the affair was the well-known banker, J. Isaac Scariot, whose remarkable career, from indigence to affluence, is one of the marvels of modern financing. Mr. Scariot started in life on the small capital of \$30 in silver, and has become, by dint of steady application to business, one of the largest capitalists in the country, and the king on 'change and in Temple Street. Associated with Mr. Scariot in this undertaking were the Baron Pfigtree, the Austrian speculator, and Lord Howlong, of the British Legation.

The original issue of stock was 50,000 shares, at twenty talents a share. Half of this amount

was subscribed; principally in Jerusalem. On the completion of the road as far as Siloamville, the first mortgage bonds were issued, for a similar amount, at the rate of 7 per cent per annum. These were in pretty good demand, and in March of '76 the road was completed to Jordan Crossing, and the first train ran over the rails on the 1st of April.

The road, however, failed to pay from the beginning. Various reasons are assigned for this. For one thing, the Jerusalem old clo' trade, which was confidently counted upon to swell the freight earnings, has been at a standstill for the past two years, and the Mt. Sinai, Canaan & Wilderness R. R. drew off much of the summer traffic.

In June of this year, the coupons of first-mortgage bonds, payable at the Sadducee Natl. Bank of Jerusalem, having been declared in default, an application was made, before Judge Moses of the Supreme Court, sitting in Chambers, on behalf of the bondholders, represented by Mr. Nehemiah Shuhite, to put the line in the hands of a receiver. The motion was granted, and Agrippa B. Herod, Esq., was put in charge of the affairs of the company.

Mr. Herod made his first report a month ago. He states that the management of the business has been extremely lax, not to say criminally careless, and points out that many members of the board of directors, men of generally acknowledged probity, and in several cases identified with religious societies, have grossly neglected the interests in their hands, and have laid themselves open to painful suspicions.

This serves to point the moral, only too often impressed upon our minds within the last few years, that a seat in a fashionable synagogue, a broad phylactery, and a prayerful vocabulary are far from infallible guarantees of business integrity and commercial honor.

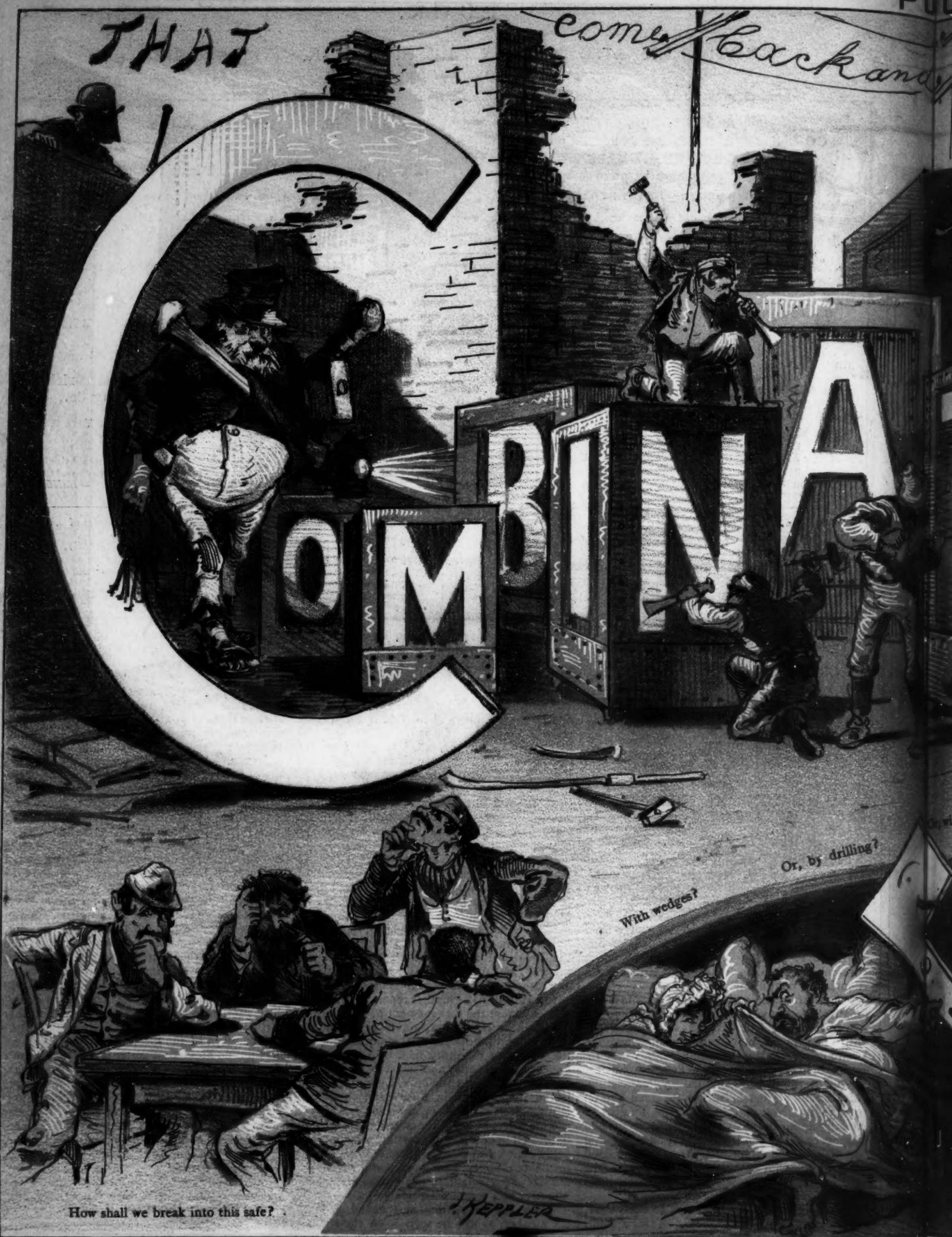
Trains are still running on the road, although the number, as will be seen from the running

schedule, which we reprint above, has been considerably reduced; and, with strict economy, and an honest administration of the finances of the company, it is to be hoped that the Jerusalem and Jordan Crossing R. R. will, in a few years, take the high place it should undoubtedly hold, both as a desirable business investment and as a boon to the traveling public of the country.

LATER.—A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Jerusalem and Jordan Crossing R. R. was held on Thursday last, to settle upon the future management of the road. The debate was very stormy. Mr. J. I. Scariot having stated that the finances of the company were in better condition than at any date since its opening, Baron Pfigtree promptly responded that Mr. J. I. Scariot was a common thief, lier and blackmailer. Mr. Scariot said that Baron Pfigtree, when he made the above assertion, stated what he knew to be untrue. Baron Pfigtree then advanced toward Mr. Scariot, when Lord Howlong put his hands on the shoulders of the irate gentleman, and urged him to remember himself. Baron Pfigtree retorted: "I do remember myself; but I will not be called a liar by such a man as he is." The gentlemen then shook hands, and further strife was avoided.

The result of the meeting was that the road was put up at auction yesterday, at the Temple Street Hotel. The only bidder was Mr. Jonah, proprietor of the celebrated whale oil refinery of Messrs. Jonah & Co., of Nineveh, who offered \$100,000 for the franchise. This offer was refused; the reserve price being \$125,000.

If we may judge from present appearances, the weary pilgrims from Jerusalem to Jordan Crossing will soon have to hoof it. The Board, however, holds a meeting next week, and any action they may take will be promptly reported to our readers.—From the *Jericho Sun* of Oct. 16th.



PUCK.



MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMAN, LITHOGRAPHERS, 22 & 24 CHURCH ST. N.Y.

BACK FROM THE COUNTRY.



THE DAY OF ARRIVAL.

1. Mrs. Dove returns from her summering in the mountains radiant and beautiful as Hebe, as sound in wind and limb as American Girl. Mrs. D. has always been considered remarkably kind in double harness. A child could drive her.



2ND DAY.

2. But her usually sweet temper is slightly ruffled when she discovers that the plate-glass mirror in the parlor has been cracked, not to say smashed, during her absence. Somehow she does not feel as well as she did.



3RD DAY.

3. The condition of the furniture, moreover, makes it necessary to explain to the housemaid that there is a proper way to dust, and that this is the way. The practical demonstration proves rather exhausting to Mrs. D.



4TH DAY.

4. And when it comes to showing the proper method of washing windows, Mrs. Dove is not to be recognized as the same woman. Her beautiful temper has vanished to the four winds of heaven, and she feels decidedly sick.



5TH DAY.

5. And on the 5th day of her return, it is but a ghost of the lovely Mrs. Dove who drives her inefficient household force to the door, and announces that hereafter she will cook, wash, iron and general housework for herself. She feels very ill.



6TH DAY.

6. Mrs. Dove is prostrated. Household cares have been too much for her, and the family doctor, having been called in, gives his verdict: "All the benefit derived from Mrs. Dove's summer trip has been undone. Your wife is in a very dangerous way, sir, and, really, upon my soul, I can't answer for her recovery—unless she goes into the country again!"

THE THEATRES.

At WALLACK's the classical comedies yield to "Our Club," by Burnaud, in the course of a week; And Sheridan and Holcroft surrender the field to The dress-coated drama, complacent and sleek. Shook and Pa.mer, around at the SQUARE, still continue Getting Howard's new play into shape for a run, Which will give all their artists occasion to win new Laurels, besides those of "Mother and Son."

At the PARK, crowded houses are flocking to Lotta, To laugh at *Cigale*, and betwixt laughs to say: "Oh, isn't she funny? How sprightly! And what a ridiculous, wild and uproarious play!" At the BROADWAY, George Knight has succeeded von Stammwitz, (We won't say that Knight Otto hire a hall,) While the critic, astonished, cries out: "Well, I'm damn if it's Such a variety-show, after all!"

At BOOTH's, every evening, to excellent business, M. Benedic's clever French bouffists appear— A troupe more distinguished for absence of dizziness Than any we've had here for many a year. At the STANDARD, Miss Henderson announces the cast of her "Almost a Life"—fixed for Saturday night. While at the FIFTH AVENUE (this week's the last of her), Modjeska is reveling in sweetness and light.

NOT WHAT AUGUSTUS MEANT.



"Cousin Parthenia, perhaps—don't you think?—is it quite proper, you know, for us to be seen walking together? You're not married, and—"

"Somebody might take you for my son? Perhaps you're right, Augustus dear."

WHEN Miss Mary Anderson goes on the stage as *Juliet*, she takes her chewing-gum out of her angelic mouth, and sticks it against the wing, to be finished when the scene is over. Therefore it is that she remarks to *Romeo*: "Stay but a little; I will gum again."

THE Holy Land railways seem to get into trouble with quite as much facility as those of our unholy country. Vide article from Jericho Sun, in another column.

Answers for the Anxious.

PACKARD.—Pack.

JULIET.—Retire to the Tomb of the Capulets.

SPRATT.—Why wake it from its calm and innocent slumber at the bottom of the waste-basket? There it cannot harm the tenderest infant. Why let is loose for a scourge upon an already afflicted land?

JACOBUS.—Couldn't you calm down your muse—just a bit, you know—with hypodermic injections of—well, of prussic acid, or some other mild corrective of that sort? Poetry seems to come hard to her, and the spasms of inspiration are unpleasant to witness. If the above suggestion doesn't please you, do you think you could manage to soothe her with a sledge-hammer, or operate on her with a buzz-saw, or do the square thing by outraged humanity in whatever way is most convenient to you?

A MOTHER'S FIRST LOVE.

CHAPTER III.

TEN days to wait, ten whole long days; and yet old Time did not seem to slacken his pace after all, and hour after hour went by quickly and happily. Lucy almost wondered at their swiftness; but had she thought a little she would scarcely have been surprised. Lord Lynn often came in now in a friendly neighborly way, and generally managed to carry off the father and daughter for a long drive or pretty country walk.

Once or twice Harry was induced to join them, and these three—Major Estridge, a man well versed in all the ways of the world, with the happy knack of putting people at ease and always saying the right thing; Lord Lynn, graceful and witty, with a well-stocked memory and original fancy; Harry l'Estrange, courteous and gentle, speaking seldom, but never without impressing his hearers with the strange charm of his voice and language—these three, gathered together, might well indeed hasten the ready flight of Time. Lucy, between the two latter, often thought that the one might stand for the *beau ideal* of a modern gentleman, polished and manly, and the other for the noble-hearted knight of olden chivalry.

Thus the pleasant afternoons went by, and the long evenings were spent wandering about the moonlit grounds, or, when Lucy was alone, listening to Harry's wondrous singing.

One night he had been singing as usual, now speaking the deep thoughts of music's grand old masters, now wandering away from them to warlike songs of nations, to popular canzonettes, till at last he began, like the first time she heard him, to whisper very soft and low the words of an English song, one she knew not before; and the voice grew deeper and more tender as it rose, and the old-fashioned burden came breathing a passionate sorrow, so pathetic, so intense, that the silent girl, listening in the window, felt as if some unknown bitterness were falling to her share. Oh, how often in after years those words, with the anguish that the singer's voice alone could give them, came back upon her memory!

"Can we school the heart's affection?
Can we banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh, teach me to forget!"

And now they seemed to weep through the room till she could bear them no longer; and rising hastily, as if to break the spell, she went up to the piano, lifting Harry's hand from the keys, as she said, half playfully, half sadly:

"You must not sing with such deep feeling, or I shall have to forsake all merriment at once. Where did you learn that song? What made you remember it to-night? It is very sweet, but oh, so sad!"

"Yes," he answered dreamily, as if he were still thinking of the broken melody. "Yes, it has all the sweetness and all the sadness of a wasted love."

"And you make it sound even more despairing than it really is, I think, with those deep notes of yours."

"Do I? Oh, no! How could I add to the bitterness of despair?"

Again she looked at him, struck, as she had been once before, by the unwonted earnestness of his face and speech.

"Do you really wish to know," he said abruptly, answering one of her former questions—"do you really wish to know why I chose that song to-night?"

He had turned quite round now, and looked at her.

"Yes," she whispered, half awed by his anxious gaze.

"I chose it because I feel the sorrow of those simple words with all the bitterness of reality, because I too have learnt to love in vain. Listen to me, Lucy. Oh, do not turn away in anger!" and the pleading voice touched her to the heart. "I have learnt to look on you as the one lovely thing in my troubled life; I have learnt to think of happiness and you as one and the same thing; and yet I did not fly, yet I remained in your sweet presence, madman that I was! too cowardly to tear myself away, to brand my heart forever with the hot iron of separation, and day by day I have grown weaker. Oh, pity me! I meant to have kept the knowledge of what I felt from you. I knew that my lack of fortune, that the very fact of being your father's debtor in many things, should forbid my speaking to you like this, and yet I have broken the word I pledged to myself hundreds and hundreds of times. I am a greater coward than ever now. But you will forgive me, will you not?"

Again the appealing look that moved her so; and again the whispered "Yes!" She could say nothing more. Her thoughts seemed at the same time so far from this love, so sudden and so new to her; and yet she was so near to its generous warmth and humility that she scarcely knew her own position, scarcely felt in the same every-day world that she had known before. She had placed her hand on his shoulder when she came to him, and now, unconsciously, she let it remain there.

"You are very gentle and very kind, Lucy; and by and by, when you are a great lady, and I am far away, working as men must work in this hard world, you will not quite forget me, will you? or think of me as a pauper, who presumes to ask for a priceless boon? Remember, I only ask that you should feel a little for my pain—that you should give sometimes a gentle thought to poor Harry l'Estrange, e'en though you cannot care for him."

"But I do care for you, Harry." Slowly and tremblingly the words fell from her lips, almost inaudibly, she thought; but he heard them, and a look of unspeakable joy chased for one moment the dark shade from his eyes; yet, as if to shut out a vision too bright to be real, he bent his head low down, whispering:

"Hush, it cannot be true! Lucy, you know not what you are saying."

"Yes, I know." Earnestly, as she had never spoken in her life before, the little words were uttered. Reverently he kissed the hand that still lay passive on his shoulder, whispering, as if to it, "My darling!" and, ere he could add another syllable, as if afraid of what she had done, afraid of betraying herself again, she had vanished from him through the gloom.

And now the long-wished-for night had come; the welcome time was at hand when Lucy was to make her first appearance in a ballroom; but her heart was full of a greater joy, and her eyes were bright with a happiness that the mere prospect of pleasure and excitement could not give. She had not spoken to Harry again since those rash words had fallen from her lips unbidden; but it seemed to her as if a sudden ray of sunshine had come, lighting her inward thoughts with a new distinctness, banishing all doubts and darkness, leaving only the one great truth, that she loved him as she loved nothing else in the wide world.

As she dressed for the ball she thought only of him, and when she came down in her girlish splendor, and her father had said, "I am proud of you, little one," she turned to see what his fond looks would tell. He was looking at her with gentle tenderness in his eyes, yet with so much gravity that she felt almost rebuked for her gladness. He came near her, and said, in a low whispered voice:

"You are very beautiful, my darling. I am almost afraid of your great loveliness."

No more. A minute later he had placed her in the carriage with her father, and they were driving fast on the way to Lynn Castle. As they passed up the long avenue, crowded with the carriages of arriving guests, they could not help admiring the brilliant illuminations and splendid appearance of the old lordly place,

"Whence came the sounds of busy feet,
And pleasant bursts of music sweet,
Whilst every window glowed."

Lucy, who had been flatteringly consulted, and had given her opinion about some of the arrangements, almost marveled at the effect of the rooms thus gorgeously decorated: she felt as if a kind fairy had suddenly invited her to wander about some aerial mansion of her own, instead of continuing among the common things of our dull earth. Their host even seemed more graceful and handsome to-night than usual, as if beautified by the reflection of his own bright surroundings. Very courteous, too, he was, full of pretty attentions to all, to Lucy especially, as his old "baby friend;" and so the evening went by full of delight to her. Later on, when Lord Lynn had got over the etiquette dancing of the night, he came to claim her hand. Lightly and skillfully he led her through the close mazes of the dance, and when it had ended, took her to rest for a while in a pretty flower-trimmed room, from which they could see the whole vista of lighted space, bright with fair faces and costly apparel.

"How do you like your first ball, Miss Estridge?" he asked, seating himself by her side.

"Almost too much, I think. I can scarcely believe that I am my own quiet little self to-night, or that all this splendor about me can be anything but the gay shadows of a dreaming fancy."

"Dreams are more suited to the soft shades of moonlight than to the glare of the ballroom, I imagine," he answered, smiling. "Would you be afraid to come on the terrace, and see what magic spells the fair Diana doth cast over my poor domain, when she deigns to watch over this 'very witching hour of night'?"

"Afraid! Of course not; I never had a cold in my life!" And so he found her wraps, and, having warmly muffled her, led her to another sort of enchanted scene: a beautiful lake in the distance, tall hills for a background, dark waving trees clustering in many places, the whole softened to a still poetic beauty by the night queen's pale floods of silver.

"Oh, this is far better than the ballroom," she cried; "how peaceful, how lovely!" and they gazed on for a while in silence.

"How happy you must be," she said, after a pause, "to look and know that every inch of this fair prospect claims you as its lord!"

"And how happy you must be," he answered gallantly, "to know that every one in yonder ballroom has proclaimed you its queen!"

"You are very courteous, sir knight," she laughingly rejoined, "but I did not know it, and even hearing, cannot believe."

"If you are incredulous I can but call the liege subjects together, and make them bow before their queen; you could not refuse their homage then, and surely the crown of beauty must be the very lightest and brightest of all!"

"Oh, it must be; but my little head was never meant to wear a crown, however light."

He was about to reply, but her father came up at this moment to ask if she would very much mind going away at once, as he felt quite exhausted with such unusual festivity. Of course she was ready to go. An hour after she was nestled in her little white bed, with the tender warmth of a great love clinging round her heart, the still vivid sense of music and dancing, of brilliant lights and pretty speeches, rushing through her happy brain.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day Lord Lynn put his pretty pony-carriage at the disposal of Major and Miss Estridge. In a friendly little note he said he felt quite sure that they would like a drive after the fatigue of the preceding evening; and later on, when they had availed themselves of his kind offer, they met him riding slowly down a secluded country lane. He rode by the carriage during the drive, and then escorted them home, talking all the way so gayly and pleasantly, that the time he was with them seemed as a brief half-hour, though "the shades of night were falling fast" as he bade them farewell.

He came again the following day, hoping that Miss Estridge would do him the favor of riding a beautiful little horse he possessed, gentle as a lamb, he assured her, and quite fit for a lady's use.

Miss Estridge thanked him, but had to confess, smiling at her own poverty, that, alas, she had no such thing as a habit.

"Oh, this is dreadful!" he cried with mock despair; "but the defect must be done away with. Estridge, you really must not let your fair daughter be deprived any longer of such healthy and becoming exercise."

The major smiled, and, to Lucy's surprise, promised that a habit should be purchased as soon as possible. Harry joined them soon after, and they all strolled out as usual for a lazy ramble through the grounds. Whenever he appeared, it always seemed to Lucy as if some spirit of poetry and music had chosen this graceful human frame for its earthly abode. Lord Lynn remained with them till dinner-time; and, when he left them, the major, as usual, failed not to expatiate on his many good and charming qualities.

Harry and Lucy had never added another word to the stolen sweetness of that twilight conversation at the piano. The girl always felt half ashamed and half afraid of herself now; yet, when the evening sky had darkened, when each small songster in his nest had whispered a last good-night to his brethren, when Nature's thousand tongues were all hushed into silence, they wandered into the moonlit garden with a strange thrill of happiness at finding themselves once more together, and alone. It seemed as if the perpetual coming and going of the last few days had been a barrier placed between them. Now the barrier was broken, they could speak freely again. But they went farther and farther from the house, and scarcely a sentence broke the silence of the "dewy eve;" and the short words that came seemed all to have sprung up miles away from their thoughts.

At length they reached a pretty garden-seat, overhung by one great weeping willow, surrounded by a light trellis-work covered with jasmine, convolvulus, and a number of winding leaves, that made it secluded and lonely as any lady's bower in the legends of old.

They sat down, and, with hand clasped in hand, remained quite silent still, as if afraid to break the sweetness of Love's spell.

"Lucy," Harry began at last, "do you know that I feel like the base thief who steals his best friend's dearest treasure; like the vile coward who has no heart to fight, but surrenders at once to save him from the struggle or the wound?"

"Hush, hush!" she said; "Harry, why will you talk like this?"

"Because I have not been brave enough to suffer, and yet conceal my suffering; because I, a pauper, have told you of my love, and sought to win your gentle heart in return, when there are others with rank and riches—others, I know, who would gladly lavish their golden treasures at your feet."

"Hush!" she said again, placing her hand on his lips. "Why will you worry yourself with such thoughts, the creatures of your own vivid imagination? And even were it so, your love is dearer to me than the wealth of all the universe. If you say anything like this again, I shall think that you care very little for the so-called boon you sought for, and—have won," she added, very low.

He placed his arm round her, whispering, as he had done before, "My darling!" but, checking himself, he quickly resumed:

"O Lucy, you cannot understand what I feel. I am so happy; too happy ever to be quite wretched again, even though long years of sorrow should come, washing away with their bitter water half the sweetness of this bright hour. And yet I know that I am acting basely, selfishly; that I am very mean. Listen. I have nothing in the wide world to offer you save a wretched yearly sum, and whatever else my poor hands and brain can add to the paltry pittance. A bright prospect, indeed, for one like you, who might, and should, have thousands to command."

"You rave, Harry," she answered. "Why will you be so foolish?"

"Nay, indeed, it is all true, Lucy; and I can give you nothing, nothing but poverty."

"What does it matter? I have always been poor, Harry. Can we not wait? Some day you will be rich, I know; you were never made to remain poor and unknown. Tell me, will not your love be strong enough to last until then?"

"Oh, say that again!" he cried, almost kneeling at her feet; "say that you will wait a little, that you will not give yourself to another unless I fail hopelessly in my attempt to become wealthy for your sake. Lucy, say that you will be my wife if I succeed. O my darling, promise that you will be my wife!"

The passionate appeal touched every tender chord in her heart; she stooped down to him, pressing her lips to his forehead; but ere she could answer his pleading in words, a well-known voice, that chilled them like a touch of ice, sounded on the still night air like a strange discord, slow and solemn as a death-knell. "She will never promise that with her father's consent," it said; "and she is too good a daughter to disobey him in such a matter as this."

Yes, he was there, her father! In a moment he was close to them, and, disengaging his daughter's hand from Harry's, he drew her towards him, placing his arm round her waist, as if more effectually to separate them.

He seldom came to this spot—scarcely ever—unless when anxiety or trouble made him long for solitude, or when some great change had to be planned, some great resolve taken; and to-night Fate had led him here, apparently without purpose; cruel Fate! whose hand seems ever ready to strew the hapless path of Love with thorns.

And now he stood between them, quiet and gentlemanly as ever, but with a look of determination on his face that his trembling daughter never remembered to have seen there before.

"Harry l'Estrange," he began, in a calm low voice, "your father was the dearest friend of my youth, and I have transferred to you a large portion of the esteem and affection I felt for him; but I cannot allow my daughter to pledge herself to one who is not even capable of offering her a suitable home. I cannot, and will not, let her, in girlish heedlessness, doom herself to life-long poverty and care. This may seem to you very hard, very cruel now, perhaps, but, believe me, child," he added more gently, stooping to kiss his daughter's forehead, "believe me, your father knows that which is best and right."

Oh, the iron strength of those cold words

"best and right"! The helpless girl, as if frozen to death, felt unconscious of all save a heavy weight at her heart, and the last prayer of her dead mother ringing through her ears—"You will sadly miss a mother's care, my poor darling; but your father loves you fondly; he will be there to watch over and protect you; he will know what is best. O Lucy, that I may die in peace, promise that you will never cross your father's will;" and the promise was given, and the gentle mother died with a peaceful smile on her lips. And now—oh, irony of Fate!—she bowed her weary head beneath the weight of that promise. Oh, must she surrender the dearest hope of her young life? If her mother had known, would she have hurt her thus?

Harry looked at her, as if to gather from her bearing what she wished him to say; he only saw a drooping, helpless face, a great accepted sorrow.

"You are right, sir," he said; "long ago I felt, I knew, that any father must speak as you have spoken now. The beggar who longs for, and hopes to wear on his poor robe, some glittering priceless gem must be a sad maniac indeed!"

"Do not speak so bitterly, Harry; we must remain friends; we shall be friends always, in spite of all. No son-in-law could have been nearer my heart if—But it is useless talking any more—useless to prolong a painful scene. You must part now, poor children!" he added, with a new tenderness in his voice (perhaps his own young days flashed across his mind just then); "you must part now, and by and by, when Time has helped you to forget, you will meet and be good friends again."

Did he feel for them? Lucy wondered, as her dull ear caught the softened tones. Perhaps; but, looking at his firm though saddened face, she knew that no supplications would avail against his strong resolve.

"Good-bye, Lucy!" her lover said, with a trembling in his voice that he could scarcely master.

She could bear it no longer. With a great cry of anguish she turned to her father: "Take me away! Oh, take me away!"

Very gently and tenderly he obeyed. Once or twice he tried to soothe her with caressing words, but she could only answer, "O father, father, you have broken my heart!"

She went up to her room with the faltering step of age, and her brothers and sisters stared at her, wondering what could have happened to their "little mother Lucy," as they fondly called her. They tried to comfort her, to wind their arms about her neck; but she asked them to go from her, and not to make a noise, because she felt so ill. And when they pleaded to be near her, promising to be quite still, she said "no" again, filling them, for the first time, with a sense of weariness. And so the stricken girl went to her little room, with dry burning eyes, and a feeling as if Death had knocked at the door of her heart again, taking her dearest treasure from her.

(To be continued.)

CANADA Cavendish go to Montreal if she chews?—*Danbury News*.

THE cheapest way to settle back rents is to buy an ulster.—*Cin. Commercial*.

IT is when a woman tries to whistle that the great glory of her mouth is seen without being heard very much.—*Andrew's Bazaar*.

THE Ohio river was so low last week that pilots had to bore artesian wells in order to discover the channel.—*Wheeling Leader*.

WELL, it isn't long now before the unsuccessful candidate can furnish his 150 excuses why he was beaten.—*Detroit Free Press*.



Puck's Exchanges.

AN OLD SONG.

In ancient days their lived a Turk—
A horrid beast within the East—
Who did the prophet's holy work,

As Baba of Jerusalem.

He had a daughter, sweet and smirking—
Complexion fair and dark-blue hair—
With naught about her like a Turk,
Except the name, Ka-foozle-um.

O-o! Ka-foozle-um! Ka-foozle-um! Ka-foozle-um!

O-o! Ka-foozle-um! the daughter of the Baba!

A youth resided near to she;
His name was Sam, a perfect lamb;
He was of ancient pedigree,

And came from old Methusalem.
He drove a trade, and prospered well,
In skins of cats and ancient hats;
And ringing at the Baba's bell
He saw and loved Ka-foozle-um.

If Sam had been a Musselman,
He might have sold the Baba old,
And with a verse of Alcoran

Have managed to bamboozle him;
But, oh, dear, no! he tried to scheme,
And passed one night the area gate,
And stole up to the Turk's harem,
To carry off Ka-foozle-um.

The Baba was about to smoke,
His slaves rushed in with horrid din,
"Massallah, dogs your home have broke,
Come down, my lord, and toozle'em!"
The Baba wreathed his face with smiles,
Came down the stair and witnessed there
A gentleman in three old tiles
A kissing of Ka-foozle-um.

The pious Baba said no more
Than twenty prayers, but went up-stairs
And took a bow-string from a drawer,
And came back to Ka-foozle-um.
The maiden and the youth he took,
And choked them both, and, little loth,
Together pitched them in the brook
Of Kedron, near Jerusalem.

And still the ancient legend goes,
When day is gone from Lebanon,
And when the eastern moonlight throws
A shadow on Jerusalem,
Between the wailing of the cats
A sound there falls from ruined walls,
A'ghost is seen with three old hats
A kissing of Ka-foozle-um!

O-o! Ka-foozle-um! Ka-foozle-um! Ka-foozle-um!
O-o! Ka-foozle-um, the daughter of the Baba!

"My darling," says Mr. Sadrake, who has been ostensibly duck-shooting at San Mateo all the day and night previous, "did the office-boy bring you those ducks I shot, as I told him?" "No, sir, he did not," replied Mrs. S., in an icy and appalling manner; "but the butcher's boy has been here to say that, as he cannot fill your order for wild ducks to-day, he sends you a half-dozen tame ones instead." Tableau.—*San Fran. News-Letter.*

* THE parographer that was hanged said to the crowd around the gallows, "This life is but a hemp-tie show."—*Graphic.*

"THE Sufferings of a Tarred Man," going the rounds, cannot compare with the tortures of the otard man.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"I AM one of the people," says Mr. Tilden. You are Sammy, you are. One of the worst kind of people.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

HURRY up that electric light. The man who drops a penny in a street-car wants to buy fourteen yards of it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE report of Tilden being engaged to a St. Louis belle is pronounced false. Sammy doesn't cipher matrimony.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

BEAVERS never speak of each other as "straight-haired." They say of a square beaver, he is fur-straight.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

YOUNG clergymen will please leave the size of their feet with the sexton at the church in season for Christmas slippers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

PROF. TICE has sued an almanac publisher for stealing quite a quantity of his weather which he had saved up for next year.—*Danbury News.*

A NEW YORK man stabbed a woman the other day with a dagger, mistaking her for his wife. He apologized when he discovered his mistake.—*Oil City Call.*

THERE has been a great cry made that a chalk mark will keep ants out of food. We have noticed the fellows never get in our milk.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

FOR goodness sake Washington boasts of having 103 churches; but then it has the seat of Government, and sinners gain by that.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE gentlemen who have been decorated as Chevaliers at the great Parisian Palace of Industry, must not be rated as *Chevaliers d'Industrie*.—*Phila. Evg. Bulletin.*

THE *Graphic* remarks that women are funniest when they say nothing. And then spoils the intended compliment by saying that women are seldom funny.—*Rochester Express.*

JAMES GORDON BENNETT has been beaten at polo.—*Exchange.* He can sympathize with General Howard, who is in the habit of being beaten by po' Lo.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

AN old campaigner says speaking two hours in the open air is a great strain on a man. It is also a great strain on facts, figures and the patience of listening victims.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

SETH GREEN has received a gold medal from France. It is labeled "Paris, Green, Poissonier." But why they spell a Paris green poisoner with two s's deponent Seth not.—*Phila. Evg. Bulletin.*

"REMEMBER Lot's wife," said St. Luke. And from the mysterious yonder comes the answer from Brigham Young's ghost: "Yes, I remember Lot's wives. In round numbers about eighteen."—*Boston Post.*

EDITH O'GORMAN, the enraged nun, has broken loose again in New Jersey. She has a regularly ordained husband and a son in New York, but these facts do not appear on the posters.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WITH her enthusiastic, impulsive liberality, Queen Victoria has contributed five cents for the yellow fever sufferers. Why doesn't Vic. try to curb her extravagant habits and save up something for a rainy day?—*San Fran. News-Letter.*

A SOLILOQUY.

I am General Benjamin Franklin Butler,
Sometimes called Slippery Ben, for short,
Doomed for a certain term (fee)
To appear in Court and sass most everybody,
And to stay there till I win or lose,
And all the spondulux which my client has
made

Is transferred to me, by cash, check, or note
of hand.
But for the present I am confined to trotting up
and down the State,
Retailing any kind of a story that will bring me
votes.

I am the reform candidate for Governor,
The horny-handed son of toil, the rag-baby's
nurse,
The poor man's friend, the widow's helper,
The guardian of soldiers' orphans, the hero of
Fort Fisher,

And a life-long friend to General Butler.
I blackguard Democrats, tell 'em they were
traitors

And destroyed the Union; I abuse Republicans,
Go for the bloated bondholders like a thousand
of bricks,

Pitch into salaried bummers (though I am salary-
grabber myself),
And in fact am "agin" everybody that's
"agin" me.

But that I am forbid (for I'm after Hayes's seat)
To tell the secrets of my former life,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would raise the very Old Nick from Berkshire
to the sea—

Aye, from the Atlantic to the Pacific,
From the frigid North to the torrid South.
But I don't propose to tell. Benjamin F. Butler
is not

That kind of a hair-pin. —*Boston Post.*

THE latest popular song is "Why does sister
lace so tight, when mama says she mustn't?"
—*Boston Post.* The next two lines are "Be-
cause her fellow thinks it right, and contradict
she dun'st."—*Phila. Bulletin.*

THE signs which say "Umbrellas recovered"
and "Shirts retailed" mean nothing of the
sort. An umbrella once loaned is never re-
covered, and a shirt once shorn must go by de-
fault.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

AUTUMN poetry and opinions of eminent
persons concerning yellow fever, its probable
cause and certain cure, should be handed in
before snow comes if intended for publication.
—*New Orleans Picayune.*

VICTORIA WOODHULL is said to be engaged
to a Cincinnati man who can play on a harmo-
nician with his toes. She may yet settle down
and be able to take a State Fair premium on
darning socks.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT puzzles a man beyond all expression to
bend over a trade dollar and gaze into its dis-
sembling face, and wonder and wonder and
wonder where in thunder that missing ten cents
got out and where it has gone.—*Hawkeye.*

"OUGHT the Harvard Eight go to England?"
asks the N. Y. *Graphic*. We'd eight to see them
go there and get beaten like sixty. However,
they might be more fourteen-eight than we
think—figuratively speaking.—*Norr. Herald.*

"ANTI-HIC-FAT, eh?" said the tired stranger
looking at the advertisement on the bill board,
as he clung to a friendly lamppost. "Anti-fat,
eh? Taint that ails me. Anti-lean is—hic—
what I want." And with one more vigorous
effort he pushed the clinging lamppost away
from him, walked backward across the street,
and fell over a dray and half way up the side
of a house.—*Hawkeye.*

INGERSOLL says that Moses made some mistakes. But it must be remembered that Moses did not have the advantages of to-day. He did not know that man had evolved from the monkey. If he had seen Ingersoll, now, he might have changed his opinions. That is, Ingersoll might have told him.—*Rochester Express.*

THE greatest objection we have to Kearney is that he bears a name which we revere and honor, the name of a man under whose banner we fought, and whose memory we cherish as a bright and gallant thought.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.* It is a little rough on gallant Phil. And equally so on France's patron saint, after whom Kearney is named, because he has lost his head.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

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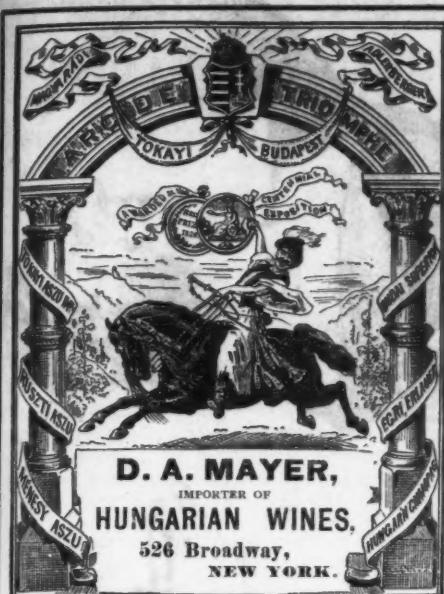
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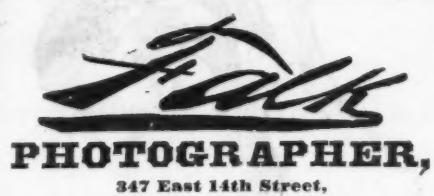
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